

# Tommy Bolin, Lotus

Cool he dies on his own time,  
Roarin' I won't hear your thunder.  
Called each other Chinese names,  
If, oh, the book just has a number.  
There's a garden where the devil lurks,  
Such a strange life this.

They break their backs for sweat and gold,  
And all the things in which they buy.  
Things that I thought were heavy loads,  
Like a Lotus in an oriental sky.